DORA COYNE; OR, HID IN THE HEART.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

Author of "Gerta's Newrsgaf," "Lindeman Brothers," etc.

CHAPTER III.

TOO LATE.

On the same day that the Misses Coyne had called, but later in the afternoon, Joe Falconer came in like a whirlwind, and pouncing on Dora, kissed her again and again, exclaiming between each kiss—

"You *are* a darling! Dear old Doe! You've always been my good angel! I'm so happy I don't know what to do with myself!"

Joe was the only member of the family who had frowned and said no word of congratulation when Dora told them of Sir James Coyne's proposal. Joe had admired Mr. Buist immensely, and had grumbled a good deal over his departure, and he was rude enough to mutter something about "old fogies" when he heard that his sister meant to marry Sir James. He had sulked a little, and vexed Dora more than once by misunderstanding her feelings so much, therefore she was rather surprised at his demonstrations that day.

"What is it?" she asked, wonderingly.

"Oh, don't you know? I thought you'd be sure to know. Well, he *is* a brick, to be sure, and to leave it to me to tell, too! Only think, madre, Sir James is going to send me up to Edinburgh next session. He is going to stand all expenses, and all *I* shall have to do is to work and take my 'M.D. Just think of it! My dream to come true after all; and it's Dora's doing, of course. It is Dora I have to thank for it. When I hesitated, and didn't quite see my way to accepting so much, he put his hand on my shoulder in such a kind, fatherly way, and said, 'Don't indulge false pride, Joe. You will please your sister greatly by taking my help. Your father would not have objected; and what's the good of my being a rich man if I may not help Dora's brother? Now be a good boy, and let me have my way.' I couldn't refuse after that, could I?"

"Certainly not," said Mrs. Falconer, "it is very, very good of him. He said, when he was here to-day, that he had a place for Teddie in his office, and I thought *that* so very kind; but *this* is—oh, most generous. The long lane has taken a turn at last, children, and we ought to be very thankful to God for His goodness."

"Looking down at her from his six feet." p. 18.

"We are thankful," said Joe, softly, and he stroked Dora's cheek. She leaned to him and kissed his forehead, and then left the room, followed by an anxious look from Robina's large, thoughtful eyes.

It had been a trying day for Dora, and her nerves were rather on edge, I think. She closed her room door and then dropped on her knees and wept silently for some minutes. But when her tears were stayed she lifted her face, and murmured, "I *am* thankful. I have not deserved the least of all these mercies. But oh, I will try and make up to him for all he is giving me. Lord, help me! Lord, teach me! I ought to be content and happy."

Sir James Coyne never did anything in a hurry, and Dora Falconer was not in haste to be married; so their preparations were set about in a very deliberate fashion, and Hackleton had time given it to make as much comment as it saw fit.

Hackleton is a small border town devoted to the manufacture of tweeds, and much addicted to gossip. Hackleton had a great deal to say about the intended marriage of its great man with the pretty daughter of its late vicar, and it was bold enough to whisper that Dora had "flung over" a young lover for the sake of such a good match.

Some of this tattle chanced to filter by post as far as London, where Mr. Buist had gone, and he heard the report of Dora's engagement. It came on him with surprise, and he did not credit it! for though he had parted from her by his own free will and desire, he had not contemplated a final separation. He had expected that Dora would "come to her senses" and yield in feminine submission to his views, when it so pleased him to take steps towards a reconciliation.

"I can't believe a word of it," he said to himself, and he pulled his tawny moustache, as he strode up and down his room. He was a tall, slim Saxon, with sea-blue eyes, and a keen, somewhat restless expression. Women called him very good-looking, and not in the least like one's idea of a stolid German. In truth he had inherited little from his father (an officer in the Prussian army) beyond his name, and though his young mother died at his birth, all who had known her said poor Effie Fraser's boy was as like her as could be. He was brought up by his mother's uncle, a Fraser of Hackleton, who left young Buist a couple of thousand pounds—just enough money to provide for daily wants, and so prevent his setting earnestly to work.

But when the charm of Dora Falconer's love fell upon him, he began to think seriously of "setting to work," and it is possible he might have settled down into a practical and successful man if Dora could have looked at life through his eyes. She could not, and he quarrelled with her, went off to London, and was idling aimlessly there when the news of her engagement reached him through an authentic source—though he at first told himself it could not be true.

One day Dora and Robina were out driving with the Misses Coyne, and Mrs. Falconer was alone pondering with infinite pleasure over her daughter's approaching marriage. The twins were at school, the lads were off for the day, the house was quiet, and the matron at peace.

Suddenly on her tranquil musings burst the impetuous Kaiser, brought from London by express, and his hot heart full of express intentions!

"Goodness, Ka—Mr. Buist! when did you return?"

"I came just now. I am here straight from the station. Where's everybody? The house seems so quiet!" and his restless eyes went round the room, and lighted on some of the new and valuable ornaments.

Then he sat down, and felt his heart sink a little, while Mrs. Falconer, dimly feeling that there was going to be a scene, collected all her dignity and answered his questions in the coldest tones.

"Teddie's got a holiday—he is now in Sir James's office—and Joe took him off for a day's shooting at the Grange. Sir James is not fond of sport himself, but he likes the boys to enjoy themselves."

Mr. Buist's eyebrows met quickly, and he began to gnaw his moustache. Then asked, "And the girls?"

"Elfie and Rose are at school, of course. Dora and Robina are driving. The Misses Coyne called for them. Sir James was to join them in Water Street, as he wanted Dora's opinion about a new piano he is getting for her."

Kaiser got up and strode across the room once or twice, and then stopped in front of the little woman. Looking down at her from his six feet, he said—

"Is it true that Dora is going to marry that old duffer? I beg your pardon. I did not mean to speak disrespectfully of Sir James Coyne, but—*is it true?*"

There was a quiver in his voice, a passionate appeal in his eyes, and Mrs. Falconer could not answer as severely as she had intended, but her words were hard for him to bear.

"It is quite true; and—Dora is very happy about it."

"Happy about it!" he echoed. "It is only six months since—I went away! Do girls fall out of love and into love in such a short time as that?"

"You have no business to speak so," Mrs. Falconer exclaimed rather nervously. "You went away of your own free will, and *I* was glad enough, I just tell you. And Dora has known Sir James all her life, and he has loved her for years, and it is such a good match for my dear girl! You know it must have been ages before *you* could have provided a nice home for her, and I think you ought to see, as I do, that it is best that her—entanglement was broken off. He is so kind, so generous to us all, and we were very poor, you know."

The young man stood dumb, and his face paled. Those words seemed to put the whole matter in a different light before him. "I—I never thought of it—of her, like that," he stammered. "I see—yes, of course, I am better out of the way. But I did not suspect Dora of being mercenary—only pious!"

"You do her injustice if you think she is marrying for money and position. It is no such thing. But, dear child! she is very pleased at making *us* all happy, as well as Sir James. She would tell you so herself."

"I shall not ask her—though I came here to learn the truth from—none but Dora."

Then with utter inconsistency he broke out, "I came to tell her that I was ready to own myself in fault, and to promise never to bet again, never to enter a billiard-room without her leave. I came to tell her that she should be free to say her prayers where and how she likes, if only she'd let me come back to her. I thought she loved me, as I loved her—as I shall always love her. I wish I might tell her this—oh, I wish I might!"

"Indeed you must do no such thing; you would only vex yourself and Dora, and do no good. She has quite got over the—difficulty about you; and she must not be disturbed in her well-deserved happiness. You will please her better by going away and working and becoming a good man."

"I'll go away and please her by—driving to destruction," he said, and bowing hastily he left the house.

As he hurried along the main thoroughfare of Hackleton, too much engrossed with his own miserable thoughts to

know that he was "cutting" old friends right and left, he knocked against a gentleman and nearly sent him over.

"Take care—how very impetuous!" the gentleman exclaimed as he recovered himself; and then Kaiser said, "I beg your pardon." They glanced at each other. "Oh, it's you!" said the elder man. "Hang you!" muttered Kaiser, who would rather have met any other person than Sir James Coyne; and each went on his way considerably disturbed by the encounter.

There was no train to London for some hours, and Mr. Buist did not care to be seen about Hackleton, so he turned into the club-rooms he had been accustomed to frequent, and ensconced himself in a window recess.

While sitting there, gazing wearily out, and wishing the world would come to an end then and there, he saw the Grange phaeton drive past. The Misses Coyne had been deposited at home, Sir James had been picked up, and he was taking the girls to their own house.

Just at the moment that poor Kaiser caught sight of them Sir James was leaning forward to wrap a costly fur cloak around Dora, and she smiled in his face as she thanked him. She was certainly happy enough. The carriage swept on, two of its occupants all unconscious of the eyes upon them, but Robina had seen and recognised Kaiser.

"And that's my Dora! Well, I may go to the devil when and how I please now."

That was Mr. Buist's thought, and after that he got up, ordered some whisky and water, drank a good quantity, strolled into the billiard-room, and found there one or two not very respectable men, whom he knew slightly, and with whom he began to play. An hour later he found it was near train time, so left the club, all the cash that had been in his pocket gone, except a few pence. Fortunately he had a return-ticket, without which he could not have left Hackleton that evening. As he flung himself into a corner when the train started, he said within himself—

"And that's religion, is it? At one time I could have staked my life on Dora Falconer's truth and constancy, and though I laughed at her pious scruples and her old-fashioned doctrines, I yet believed that they were good for one thing—they kept her unselfish, free from worldly-wisdom, true to her word. Of course, she'd tell me that this is all my fault, and protest that she would never have broken with me if I had not been 'foolish,' 'obstinate,' and 'irreverent.' But, put it as one will, the facts remain. She caught at a lover's tiff as excuse to fling me off, and she is marrying a rich man, old enough to be her father—and she expects people to believe that she isn't doing all that for a title and money! Nice kind of religion indeed!"

Then his thoughts went away in another direction, and he found himself recalling the pleading gaze of Dora's tearful eyes, her earnest, loving words, her most mournful farewell. It was not possible that he could believe them to have been less than real; and conscience, seared, but not dead, reminded him of all her long-suffering patience, her oft-repeated entreaties, her grieved looks when some scoffing speech escaped his lips, her tears and prayers when she heard of his betting and gambling, even though he usually won. He began (as he had done many times during the last few months) again to ask himself if he had been quite fair to Dora, if he had not tried her rather too far, expected her to yield where she had no business to yield?

"I was ready to-day to admit my faults and promise amendment. I'd have gone in with her views after all, if only—— Too late! Too late!"

Then he was startled from his painful musings by a shrill railway whistle, which rang long and loud, and seemed to be caught up by another and echoed far ahead.

His fellow-travellers, some reading, some nodding, looked at each other, but were not disturbed. Only Kaiser, who was possessed of some very curious perceptions and sensitive nerves, felt thrilled by the prolonged warning, and said to the man nearest him—

"A danger signal, I think."

The words were scarcely uttered when the two calls seemed to blend in one wild shriek. There was a horrible crash, a frightful rocking and splitting of carriages, then darkness, noise and carnage.

"Going to destruction—going to the devil!" passed like a lightning-flash through young Buist's mind as he felt himself go down among the wreck of the train. "God forgive me!" That was his last thought as he fell crushed among the *débris* and consciousness left him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE UNKNOWN SUFFERER.

"I'll not tell Dora that he was here. It can do no good, and if she hears it otherwise I can then explain."

That was what Mrs. Falconer decided upon regarding Kaiser's visit, and as the girl did not hear from any other source that her lover had been in Hackleton, Mrs. Falconer was not then called upon for an explanation.

When it became known in the town that the express to London had collided with a luggage train, and many lives had been sacrificed, many poor creatures maimed for the rest of their days, Mrs. Falconer said—

"I always am so thankful, when an accident takes place, that no one I know is in it. Perhaps, dears, that may seem a selfish way of thinking, but, all the same, one can't be so very sorry when one doesn't know the people personally, and I really think one is quite justified in thanking God for that."

"The only person belonging to Hackleton who has suffered is the guard," said Joe. "He is so hurt, Dr. Webster says, he cannot recover. It has been a horrible business, as those railway accidents always are."

"I looked over the list of passengers first thing," Mrs. Falconer replied, "and it was quite a relief to see the names of strangers only. I must say I felt thankful, for one never knows what may happen any moment."

"I felt so sorry for that poor woman whose husband and baby are both killed," said Elfie, with tears in her eyes, and Rose added—

"I think it is dreadfully sad about the gentleman who was found so hurt and insensible, with no money and no luggage, and nobody knowing even his name."

"Oh, he will be claimed soon, I daresay," said Joe.

"It is three days now since the accident," answered Rose, "and I've looked in the paper every morning, but it says he is still lying at the village inn, unknown, and desperately ill."

"Poor fellow!" Mrs. Falconer murmured, with a sigh, and then Teddie exclaimed—

"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't let us have any more of these horrors. It is bad enough to know they've taken place. I'm thankful, like mother, that no one I know was in the train. So, twins, be quiet now; just see what your talking has done to Robina. She's as white as a ghost."

Robina had gone to the sofa, and that morning's paper was on her knee. She was indeed white as a ghost, and her eyes were dilated and heavy with anguish. Dora was not present, or the invalid's feelings would have been sooner considered, for Dora watched over Robina like a nurse.

"Never mind me," Robina said, in a low, shaken voice. "It feels—it—it seems so terrible. Don't let us talk more of it." Then with an effort she collected herself, and added, "Does any one know when Sir James will be here?"

"He was here in the morning. I don't think we shall see him again to-day," Mrs. Falconer answered.

"I think," said Robina, slowly, "that I will walk with you, Teddie, as far as the office after dinner."

"All right, old girl. I'll be glad of your company, and it will bring the colour back to your face to be out in the fresh air. It blows quite keen and autumnal already."

After dinner Robina set out with Teddie, and when they got near his place of business, she said—

"Will Sir James be at the office?"

"Yes; he is as regular as clock-work, though he does not stay long. And you would be astonished if you saw how much he does while he is there. He overlooks every department of the work. That's the way to get on, you bet; and though he is the big man he is not above giving even the raw clerks a hint how to do their duty. He never finds fault, but just says if a mistake is made, 'You should have done so-and-so. Be careful to do so next time,' and that's enough. No fellow makes the same blunder in our office twice."

"I think I—want to speak to Sir James for a few moments," said Robina then. So her brother took her to his principal's private room, where she found him deliberate, alert, serene as usual.

"I think you want me for something important," he said, as soon as they were alone, and his observant glance had taken in her troubled looks. "What is it, my dear?"

"Yes—I want you. See!" and she drew a newspaper from her pocket. "I have got an idea about—about that poor young gentleman who was hurt in the accident—you know, and has not been identified. Have you read this description of him?"

"No. Do you fancy you know him?"

"I fear I do. I saw him in Hackleton that day. He was at a club window—where he used often to be before, and he looked troubled, reckless. Poor Kaiser!"

"I think you mean to say you have identified this unknown sufferer as Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist," said Sir James, in his calm, methodical way of speaking.

"He isn't in Hackleton, and I am sure he was that day," Robina answered, and her companion replied—

"Yes, he *was* here that day. I—met him—myself. I wondered what brought him back. I wished to have some conversation with him and inquired in the town, and I found he had left. It did not occur to me to think of him in connection with the railway disaster, especially as I had not read details. But now you put it before me I think you may be right."

"The description just answers to Kaiser."

Sir James read the paragraphs and then said—

"Yes, that is very like Mr. Fredrich Wilheim Buist. Does—does your sister share your anxiety, Robina?"

"Dora doesn't know what I suspect. No one knows."

"You have been very discreet, my dear."

"Oh, Sir James, I scarcely knew how to be silent. Of course you know all about Kaiser going away, and you understand. But, you know, he had been about our house since we were children, and we *all* liked him, and were sorry for his faults. We like him still in spite of everything. *You* would not wish us to forget an old friend?"

"No, my dear; certainly not!"

"I felt I could come to you about it. I knew you would understand exactly how I feel."

"I think I do. Now, can you keep silence about this still longer? You know there is a possibility that we may be wrong—and will you leave it all to me?"

"Yes; oh yes."

Sir James looked at his watch.

"If I go at once I shall catch a train to Northcote," he said, rising and buttoning his coat deliberately with one hand, while drawing pen and ink near with the other.

He rapidly wrote a couple of notes; one was to Dora telling her he could not come for her next morning so early as he had arranged, being called away on imperative business; the other was to Miss Coyne telling her not to expect him home that evening, "as unexpected engagements, etc."

When these notes were finished, he said—

"You shall hear from me as soon as I can send. But—don't tell Dora; at least, not at present. Good-bye, my dear."

Robina held his hand a moment and looked wistfully in his face. She was wondering if the same doubt which was in her mind had ever crossed his. But there was no indication in the strong, resolute face that could lead her to suppose he shared her fears, and Robina's heart was a little less heavy.

"I knew you were the right person to go to," she said, and then they parted.

(To be continued.)

MINISTERING.

BY LILIAN GREY.

What though your feet are often over-weary,
On ceaseless errands sent;
And tired shoulders ache and ache so sorely
'Neath heavy burdens bent?
Be patient, lest the ones whom you are serving
Be soon beyond your care;
Lest little wayward feet that you are guiding
Slip past you unaware.

Ah, then, no joy would seem so dear and blessed
As spending months and years
In ceaseless service for the vanished darlings
So vainly mourned with tears.
But while you have your dear ones still around you,
Do not regret your care;
Far easier aching feet and arms and shoulders,
Than aching hearts to bear.

And still beyond your household duties reaching,
Stretch forth a helping hand;
So many stand in need of loving comfort
All over this wide land;
Perchance some soul you aid to-day, to-morrow
May with the angels sing;
Some one may go straight from your earthly table
To banquet with the King.

AUNT ETHEL'S "RAINY-DAY CLUB."

BY EMMA C. HEWITT.

AUNT ETHEL came into Mrs. Melton's nursery bright and cheery.

"What's the matter, Howard?" asked she of the boy of ten sitting at the window, looking gloomily out as he rested his head between two hands.

"Nothin'!" regardless of etiquette as of grammar, without moving one inch from the position which he had assumed.

"Well, Cecile, what's the matter with you, then?"

"Nothin'," replied the scowling and half-tearful Cecile.

"Well! well! Did I ever see two children look like you before when they had 'nothin'' the matter with them?"

"Well, I don't care, Aunt Ethel; it's just a mean shame! Such a day as this! And me and Johnny Stokes was goin' fishin'."

"Yes, and me and Sadie Suyder was goin' to have a lovely time out in the tent," brought up Cecile, the tears now trickling down her cheeks in real earnest.

"And now we can't," proceeded Howard, "and there's nothing but rain, rain, rain, and nothin' to do but play with the same old nasty playthings. I hate 'em!" giving his wooden horse a vicious kick. "And mother can't stand any noise. I just guess, Aunt Ethel, your boys don't like a day like this, neither."

"Indeed, there's where you're very much mistaken. My boys do like a day like this very much indeed, and so does my girl. We always have out our 'rainy-day box' such weather as this."

"Rainy-day box! What's that?" exclaimed Cecile and Howard both at once, interested in spite of themselves.

"Why, you see—" began Aunt Ethel; but a tiny knock, followed by a tiny voice, "Let me in, p'ease," interrupted the proceedings until Baby Jack was seated on Aunt Ethel's knee, listening to the wonderful tale of the rainy-day box.

"Did I say 'Rainy-day box?' I meant 'Rainy-day boxes,' for we have three. In the first one we keep a gum-bottle, a glue-pot, a pair of scissors, hammer, small nails, screws, tacks, needles and thread."

"What are they for? I don't see much fun in them?"

"Wait a moment. You will when I tell you what is in the second and third ones. In the second one we put from time to time all the broken toys and things that want mending. If we need them right away we don't put them by for a rainy day, of course; but if they can wait, they do. And then the first rainy day that comes we have a regular good 'mend.' Last rainy day we glued the leg on to Jamie's horse, and we sewed the arm on to Amy's doll, and we tacked the back on to the match safe, and we—oh, dear me, I couldn't pretend to tell you one half the things we did in the way of mending. Well, when we have finished our mending (we always do that first, you know, for we are good housekeepers on rainy days, and attend our duties first) we open the third box, and then we have a good time."

"What's in the third box, Aunt Ethel?" asked the children, breathlessly, for it was almost as interesting as the lovely fairy story where Pandora opened her box and all the troubles came out into the world.

"Ah, the third box contains the things we make. We never touch them any other day—the things we make and play with, I mean. Baby Jack had sat silent a long time, evidently much impressed with Aunt Ethel's manner, though he understood but little of the drift of her conversation. But now he was beginning to grow uneasy.

"I wish we had some rainy-day boxes," groaned Cecile, beginning to scowl again.

"Say, Aunt Ethel, you're going to be here a month; make us some."

"All right; I will. But you must promise me one thing: that no matter how badly you want to play with your rainy-day things in clear days you will never ask for them."

This the childen promised with alacrity.

"Very well; shall we begin to-day?"

If one had looked out of the window one would have seen the rain falling steadily, but if one looked in the children's faces at this question one might well imagine that the sun had begun to shine.

"But what shall we do with Baby Jack?"

"Oh, Aunt Ethel will provide for Baby Jack. Run down into the kitchen, Cecile, and ask cook for two quarts of Indian meal. Now, Howard, go into the store-room, and bring me that small packing-box. Now for a cushion. The-re, Baby Jack!" as she lifted the little fellow in. "Now you're safe. Now wait a moment till sister comes, then you can play 'sea-shore' all day long, with your meal for sand—and

nice clean sand it is. See here! Here is your little shovel and bucket, and your tiny basket for it to sift through, and your little tin pans—oh, lots of things for you to fill and empty."

Delighted Baby Jack set to work in good earnest, as his aunt knew he would. He buried his doll and unearthed her again. He filled his pans, he dug, he spaded; in fact, there was little in his baby ingenuity and eagerness over an unwonted plaything that he did not do. So he was safe with his rainy-day amusement. Some day, if rainy days were continuous, aunty meant to add a worn-out coffee-mill to his store, but not now, not till the novelty entirely wore off. The child was clean, and safe, and thoroughly amused, and might safely be left to his own devices.

"Now, Aunt Ethel, for us!" exclaimed the other two, who had waited with impatient patience, until baby was established. "What do you do?"

"Well, you can't do all we do, for you know some of my children are big children. For instance, I've given the nursery up to the children, and they are fixing it up for one thing. Each one is doing something towards beautifying the place. Walter is painting a lovely autumn vine on one of the doors in oil colours. He only works at it on rainy days; he is keeping that for his work, till it is finished. I think we'll begin to-day by mending all the broken toys we can find. Then this afternoon we'll really and truly do something new."

Two or three hours of steady interested labour were interrupted by the dinner-bell, and the surprised faces of the two children testified to the success of Aunt Ethel's first experiment.

"Now, children, our first work shall be a scrap-book."

"Oh, Aunt Ethel! We have one of those. You said something new."

"Have you? Who made it?"

"Why, Aunt Margaret."

"So I suppose. Now, it will be something new for you to make one, won't it?"

At this their clouded faces brightened.

"There are plenty of children who have no Aunt Margaret to make scrap-books for them. Let me tell you, in a city not far from here, is a struggling children's home. The people are determined, if possible, to do something for the dear little motherless things, but they have very little money to do it with. Do you suppose they have much for amusements? Wouldn't you like to send something to the little ones who have so few toys?"

Tears of pity filled their eyes, and no further words were necessary to imbue the subject with interest.

"We'll get all the pictures ready to-day, and paste them in another day."

"Why, Aunt Margaret just puts 'em in right away," answered Howard, eager to begin.

"Well, I don't, young man," laughed Aunt Ethel, "and when I'm captain, I propose to have my soldiers work my way. But I'll tell you my reason. When I am going to paste, I paste all my pictures at once and lay them away to dry. When I am ready to use them, I wet their backs and put them in. If you try to put them in with fresh gum on the backs you will be almost sure to make a spot or smear on your book. So you see little folks are more sure of a neat job by pasting first."

Now the children were quiet; snipping, clipping, pasting, laying their pictures away to dry, and by the time the supper bell rang, a goodly array of dried pictures gave evidence of the industry of the afternoon.

"Well, chicks, and how has this rainy day been?" asked mamma. "Ethel, how did you keep them quiet?"

"Oh, we're a society, mamma, and it's just lovely!"

Then mamma had to listen to the eager children while they told their plans.

"Well, Ethel, do you propose to amuse the children right along?"

"Not at all. Their work is now in such condition that another rainy day they can work right along with it, without help from anybody, as my children do, while I sew or read or amuse myself with some of the rainy-day amusements and occupations I have laid out for myself from time to time."

"Now, see here, Jennie, you do try very hard to do your duty to your children, but you do both too much and too little for them. You should teach them to amuse themselves. When you start out to amuse them, you do all the amusing; you read to them, sing to them, play for them, in short, turn yourself into a kind of mountebank. Other times they are left to themselves. It is 'either a feast or a famine' with them, so that unless they have some specially new plaything, they are utterly helpless in such an emergency as a rainy day."

"I guess you are more than half right. But there is so much of the time that I am prostrated with my dreadful headaches, that when I do feel well, I feel sorry for the poor little tots that they are able to receive so little of their mother's attention, and then I do more than is really necessary, I suppose."

"I 'suppose' you do too. When you can be with your children, bend your energies towards making them independent of you or each other for amusement. Just wait. I'm going to be here a month, and while I must confess I rather prefer clear weather, I do hope we shall have enough rainy days for me to get successfully under weigh another 'Rainy Day Club.'"

HINTS ON WINTER AILMENTS.

BY MRS. ATKINS, M.D.

II.—Colds, Rheumatism, and Chilblains.

IT is fortunate for the human race that cold in the head, or coryza, is not a fatal disease, seeing that no cure has as yet been found. Most physicians have their pet prescription for arresting a cold; some advising abstention from all fluids for a few days, others advocating the injection of divers drugs into the nostrils, others lauding some pet medicine, etc.; all these methods are probably as efficacious one as the other, and as the Red Indian method, which is as follows: When an Indian on the war-path is attacked by a cold in the head (the juxtaposition is funnily incongruous) he dismounts from his horse, wraps his head and shoulders in his blanket, so that no air can possibly penetrate, lies down on the ground, and with his left hand completely covers mouth and nostrils. Breathing slowly and deeply, in about half an hour he is drenched in perspiration. He then casts off his blanket, mounts his horse, and by the time he has caught up his comrades the cold is cured!

It is to be feared that, however efficacious this latter treatment may be, it will never become popular in England, for the simple reason that the necessary half hour of suffocation would be to most people infinitely worse than the disease it was intended to cure.

One very patent cause of liability to colds by inducing sensitiveness to atmospheric influences is, in my opinion, the persistent covering of the head out of doors, so strictly carried out from childhood upwards. It is the rarest occurrence to see a woman go into her garden, even on a fine day, without putting something on her head, and as to a man without his hat on out of doors, it is a sight unknown. A certain cynic says that a woman loves her bonnet, but a man worships his hat, and judging from their persistency in wearing it in and out of season—at restaurants, in shops, in the reading-room of the British Museum, in Parliament—there must be some truth in the statement. Verily they have their reward as the years go by, in the bald and shining heads which meet our gaze in churches and theatres.

Our head is the only part of us clothed, and well clothed, by nature, and yet the majority of us seem to fear the slightest breath of air upon it, as though it were the most unprotected portion of our frames. I feel convinced that if we were only accustomed from our childhood to go bare-headed as much as possible, we should not only suffer far less than we do from colds in the head, but should rejoice in a much finer head of hair.

Few of those who have attained middle age will escape the sufferings of rheumatism, but much can be done to mitigate their severity.

All persons with a predisposition to rheumatism or neuralgia, either from hereditary or other causes, should, on the approach of middle age, or even sooner in life, be very careful not to live on a clay soil, or even sub-soil, not to choose a house in a valley, or near a river, too much shaded by trees, or too much exposed to the north and east winds. A sandy soil where the pine trees grow, such as we find in some parts of Surrey, is excellent for rheumatism.

The house should have cellars underneath to prevent moisture rising, and the sufferers from rheumatism should sleep in the second storey. The bedroom should be well ventilated, and face south or south-east.

They should of course be clothed in wool from neck to toes; they should keep the skin soft and the muscles supple by a cold bath and vigorous rub with a coarse towel every morning, and should supplement this by a warm bath, at least once a week, before going to bed. The now fashionable massage is invaluable to rheumatics, more especially those who are debarred by any cause from active exercise, and many a rheumatic matron whose sole idea of exercise is a slow drive in the park would be wonderfully relieved from her rheumatism, if her body were "massed" every morning as regularly as her hair is brushed.

There is no doubt that rheumatism is just as often produced by blood-poisoning as it is by cold and damp—the blood-poisoning proceeding from within, not from without, and being caused by the re-absorption into the blood of some effete matter which ought to have been thrown out of the system; either intestine, kidney, liver, lung or skin being defective in action. Vitiated air will also produce it.

A lady whom I know is a martyr to rheumatism when in town following her avocations, which are somewhat sedentary; but if during her summer holidays she can camp out in some wild spot where the air is pure, and she takes plenty of exercise, the rain may fall in torrents, the east wind may blow a gale, but of rheumatism she knows nothing!

Chilblains are mostly regarded as a purely local affection by the generality of persons, and are consequently treated as such in the family circle. And yet to find chilblains as a local disease pure and simple is a most rare occurrence, as in those children who habitually suffer from them, close observation will nearly always reveal some delicacy of constitution, more especially in the domain of the circulatory apparatus.

Needless to say that one of the best preventives is plenty of exercise, whereby the heart is made to act more vigorously; but it is just the children who suffer from chilblains who are so difficult to keep exercised, especially in winter; they are often the gentle, blue-eyed, somewhat lymphatic little maidens, who would rather sit by the fire and look at pictures than indulge in a good romp. To send such a child on a cold winter's day to take a constitutional with her nurse is not only *not* beneficial, but actually injurious, for the little thing has not vitality enough to make her hop and skip and thus keep warm, so that she returns home with her feet and hands as cold or colder than when she went out. The pressure caused by the out-door boots having caused the blood to be more stagnant than usual, when these are removed and the feet placed near the fire, as they are pretty certain to be, a rush of blood takes place to the part, the relaxed vessels become distended, and the foundation of chilblain is laid. Our little blue-eyed maiden must, however, have some kind of exercise, even on the coldest day. Here the mother's care and ingenuity come in. She will see first that thick woollen hand-knitted stockings and gloves are provided, and that the boots do not in any way compress the feet. She will further give orders that before going out the child is to be thoroughly warmed, and not taken out half-perished with cold. Most difficult of all is to make the walk interesting, and thus enlist the nervous system on our side. Something must be devised for the lymphatic little one, which will encourage her to run instead of hanging on to nurse's dress; a hoop will do it for one, a ball for another, a dog to run races with for a third; and thus keeping briskly on the trot, and enjoying the walk, the little thing will come home warm and happy, and have no need to put her feet near the fire.

Another important point is that both hands and feet should in the winter be washed in warm, and never in cold water; the morning bath should be fairly warm, and terminated by a good dash of cold water down the spine. The bedroom should never be chilly, and the bath should be given near a good fire on frosty mornings. In short, what one has to guard against is stagnation of the blood in the vessels, as testified by the bluish-red condition of the finger-tips.

A tonic administered early in the winter will help to prevent chilblains by increasing the strength of the circulation, but the choice of this should remain in the hands of the medical attendant.

Attention to these minutiæ may, by preventing chilblains, just make the difference between health and disease; for given feet with broken chilblains, there can be no exercise; without exercise there will after a time be no appetite; without appetite and with consequent deficiency in food there will be loss of strength, and any slight ailment attacking a child so enfeebled may turn out a very serious matter.

When the Rev. Sam Jones, in Omaha, Nebraska, asked any man present who had never spoken a cross word to his wife to stand up, a round-faced, good-natured-looking individual with a beard stood up. "Thank Heaven, there's one man who never said a cross word to his wife!" said the Rev. Sam. "I'm a bachelor!" shouted the round-faced man.

ELIZABETH GILBERT.

BY MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.

South Transept of Chichester Cathedral.

ELIZABETH GILBERT, daughter of the Bishop of Chichester, was one of the blind who help the blind. It is true, physically, that the blind cannot lead the blind; but, perhaps, none are so well fitted as the blind, who are gifted with courage, sympathy, and hope, to show the way to careers of happy and active usefulness to those who are suffering from a similar calamity with themselves.

The Bishop's little daughter, born at Oxford, in 1826, was not blind from her birth. She is described in the first years of infancy as possessing dark flashing eyes, that, no doubt, were as eager to see and know as other baby eyes. Her sight was taken from her by an attack of scarlet fever, when she was two years and eight months old. Her mother had lately been confined, and, consequently, was entirely isolated from the little invalid. The care of the child devolved upon her father, who nursed her most tenderly, and, by his ceaseless watchfulness and care, probably saved her life. But when the danger to life was passed, it was found that the poor little girl had lost her sight. Everything was done that could be done; the most skilful oculists and physicians of the day were consulted, but could do nothing except confirm the fears of her parents that their little girl was blind for life.

With this one great exception of blindness, Elizabeth Gilbert's childhood was peculiarly happy and fortunate. Her parents wisely determined to educate her, as much as possible, with their other children, and to avoid everything which could bring into prominence that she was not as the others were. There was a large family of the Gilbert children, and Bessie, as she was always called, like the others, was required to dress herself and wait on herself in many little ways that bring out a child's independence and helpfulness. She used to sit always by her father's side at dessert, and pour him out a glass of wine, which she did very cleverly without spilling a drop. When asked how she could do this, she replied it was quite easy—she judged by the weight when the glass was full. She learnt French, German, Italian, and music, with her sisters, and joined them in their games, both indoors and out. When she required special watching and care, they were given silently, without letting her find out that she was being singled out for protection. When she was old enough, the direction of the household, and other domestic duties, were entrusted to her in her parents' absence, in turn with her other sisters. Thus her ardour, self-reliance, and courage, were undamped, and she was prepared for the life's work to which she afterwards devoted herself—the industrial training of the adult blind. In 1842 an event happened which doubtless had a good effect in developing Miss Gilbert's natural independence of character, which had been so carefully preserved by her parents' training. Her god-mother died and left her a considerable sum of money, of which she was to enjoy the income as soon as she came of age. It was, therefore, in her power to carry out the scheme which she formed in after years for the benefit of the blind, without being obliged to rely at the outset on others for pecuniary support. She never could have done what she did if she had been obliged to ask her parents for the money the development of her plans necessarily required. They were most kindly and wisely generous to her, but it would have been impossible to one of her honourable and sensitive nature to spend freely and liberally as she did, money which was not her own. The saddest and most desponding period of her life was that which came after she had ceased to be a child, and before she had taken up the life's work to which reference has just been made. She was one of a bevy of eight sisters; and they naturally, as they passed from childhood to womanhood, entered more and more into a world which was closed to their blind sister. At that time, even more than now, marriage was the one career for which all young women were consciously or unconsciously preparing. It was hard for a young girl to live in a social circle in which marriage was looked upon as the one honourable goal of female ambition, and to feel at the same time that it was one from which she was herself debarred. Those who saw her at this time say she would often sit silent and apart in the drawing-room of her father's house in Queen Anne Street, with the tears streaming down her face, and that she would spend hours together on her knees weeping. "To the righteous there ariseth a light in darkness." The light-bringers to the sad heart of Bessie Gilbert were manifold; and as is usual in such cases, the light of her own life was found in working for the welfare of others. The most healing and cheering of words to those who are sick at heart are "Come and work in My vineyard."

Small things often help great ones; and a clever mechanical invention by a Frenchman named Foncault, for enabling blind people to write, was not an unimportant link in the chain that drew Miss Gilbert out of her despondency. By means of this writing frame, she entered into correspondence with a young blind man, named William Hanks Levy, who had lately married the matron of the St. John's Wood School for the Blind. Levy entered with great zeal, enthusiasm, and originality, into all the schemes Miss Gilbert began to form for the welfare of the blind. Her thoughts were further turned in the direction of working for the blind poor, by a book called "Meliora," written by Lord Ingestre, the aim of which was to show how the gulf between rich and poor could be bridged over. But most important of all perhaps of the influences that were making a new outlook for her life, was her friendship with Miss Bathurst, daughter of Sir James Bathurst. This lady was deeply interested in all efforts to raise up and improve the lot of women, and especially devoted herself to opening

the means of higher education to them. She was one of those who hoped all things and believed all things, and, consequently, she rebelled against an impious notion that if a woman were not married there was no use or place for her in the world. It was her clear strong faith in women's work and in women's worth, that helped more than anything else to give dignity, purpose, and happiness to Bessie Gilbert's life. The life of the blind girl became ennobled by the purpose to work for the good of others, and to help both women and men who were afflicted similarly with herself to make the best use of their lives that circumstances permitted.

Very little, comparatively, at that time had been done for the blind. The excellent college at Norwood did not exist. The poor blind very frequently became beggars, and the well-to-do blind, with few exceptions, were regarded as doomed to a life of uselessness; in some instances, as in Miss Gilbert's own, kindly and intelligent men thought it neither wrong nor unnatural to express a hope that "the Almighty would take the child who was afflicted with blindness." What was specially needed at the time Miss Gilbert's attention was directed to the subject was the means of industrial training, to enable those who had lost their sight in manhood or womanhood to earn their own living. The proficiency of the blind in music is well known, but to attain a high degree of excellence in this requires a training from early childhood. To those who become blind in infancy a musical education affords the best chance of future independence; but thousands become blind in later life, when they are too old to acquire professional skill as musicians; and, besides these, there are those who are too completely without the taste for music to render it possible for them to become either performers or teachers of it. It was especially for the poor adult blind that Miss Gilbert laboured. She studied earnestly to discover the various kinds of manual labour in which the blind stood at the least disadvantage in comparison with sighted persons. Her efforts had a humble beginning, for the first shop she opened was in a cellar in Holborn, which she rented at 1s. 6d. a week. She was ably seconded by Levy, and by a blind carpenter named Farrar; the cellar was used as a store for the mats, baskets, and brushes made by blind people in their own homes. A move was, however, soon made to a small house near Brunswick Square, but the work soon outgrew these premises also, and a house was taken, with a shop and workrooms, in what is now the Euston Road. Miss Gilbert exerted herself assiduously to promote the sale of the articles made by her clients. The goods were sold at the usual retail price, and their quality was in many respects superior to that of similar goods offered in ordinary shops; in this way a regular circle of customers was in time obtained, who were willing to buy of the blind what the blind were able to produce. It must not be supposed, however, that this process, which sounds so easy and simple in words, was really easy and simple in practice. The blind men and women had to be taught their trades; in the case of many of them, their health was below the average, and, in the case of a few, they were not quite clear that working had any advantages over begging for a living. Miss Gilbert and her foreman, W. Levy, had industrial, physical and moral difficulties to contend with that would have daunted any who were less firmly grounded in the belief in the permanent usefulness of what they had undertaken. Miss Gilbert found that many of the blind people she employed could not, with the best will in the world, earn enough to support themselves. The deficiency was for years made up from her own private means. W. Levy had what appears to me a mistaken enthusiasm for employing none but blind persons in the various industries carried on in the workshop. There are some industrial processes for performing which blindness is an absolute bar, some in which it is a great disadvantage, others in which it is a slight disadvantage, and a few in which it is no disadvantage at all. The aim of those who wish to benefit the blind should be, in my judgment, to promote co-operation of labour between the blind and the seeing, so that to the blind may be left those processes in which the loss of sight places them at the least disadvantage. The blind Milton composed "Paradise Lost," and other noble poems, which will live as long as the English language lasts. He never could have done this if the mechanical labour of writing down his compositions had not been given over to those who had the use of their eyes. This is an extreme instance, but it may be taken as an example of the way in which the blind and the seeing should work together, each doing the best their natural faculties and limitations fit them for.

At Work.

Levy had an intense pride in having everything in Miss Gilbert's institution done only by the blind. So far did he carry this prejudice that it was only with difficulty that he was induced to have a seeing assistant for keeping the accounts. Previous to this, as was natural and inevitable, they were in the most hopeless confusion. Levy was, however, in many ways an invaluable leader and fellow-worker. His courage and energy were boundless. On one occasion he undertook successfully a journey to France in order to discover the place where some pretty baskets were made. He and his wife landed at Calais almost entirely ignorant of the French language, and knowing nothing except that certain baskets, for which there was then a good demand in England, were being manufactured in one of the eighty-nine departments of France. After many wanderings, both accidental and inevitable, he discovered the place. He was received with great kindness by the people who made the baskets, and, having learnt how to make them himself, he returned to England to communicate his knowledge to his and Miss Gilbert's company of blind workpeople. A letter of Levy's to Miss Gilbert, describing a fire that had broken out close to the institution, and had for some time placed it in great danger, is a wonderful instance of a blind man's energy and power of acting promptly and courageously in the face of danger.

Little by little the work Miss Gilbert had begun grew and prospered. A regular society was formed, of which the Queen became the patron, and of which Miss Gilbert was the most active and devoted member. This association received the name of the Society for Promoting the General Welfare of the Blind. Its present habitation is in Berners Street, London. Its founder, for several years before her death, was obliged, through ill-health, to withdraw from all active participation in its business; but so well and firmly had she laid the foundations that others were able to carry on what she had begun. The Society is one of the most useful in London for the poor adult blind, because it provides them with industrial training, according to their individual capacities, and secures them, as far as possible, a constant and regular market for the goods they are able to produce. The wages earned are in some cases supplemented by small grants, and pensions are, in several instances, given to those blind men and women who have survived their power of work. The result of Miss Gilbert's life has been to ameliorate very much the lot of the blind poor by substituting the means of self-supporting industry for the doles and alms which at one time were looked upon as the only means of showing kindness and pity to the blind. Miss Gilbert herself was keenly sensible of the value and life-giving power of work. Surrounded as she had been from childhood with every care and kindness which loving and generous parents could suggest, she yet found that when she began to work, the change was like a passing from death to life. The book from which all the facts and details in this paper are taken* tells that soon after she began her work one of her friends "hoped she was not working herself to death." She replied, with a happy laugh, "Work myself to death? I am working myself to life." It is just this possibility of "working to life" that she has placed within the reach of so many blind men and women.

Miss Gilbert's health was always very fragile. After 1872 she became by degrees a confirmed invalid, and after much suffering, borne with exquisite patience and cheerfulness, she died early in the year 1885.

WORKING MEN AND CO-OPERATIVE STORES.

BY E. C. SHARLAND.

AT a time when there are so many sad strifes and divisions at work in this country, owing to the growing desire possessed by the working classes to place themselves on a more equal footing with their wealthier neighbours, it is refreshing to turn our attention to a certain society of working men, whose members have already raised themselves to a position of considerable independence by their own honest labour and thrift, and who are trying to carry their friends and their neighbours upwards with them. All this has been effected by the working men co-operators of the United Kingdom in a gradual, quiet, and peaceable manner. In the earlier part of this century, several reforms were proposed for the relief of the working classes, some of which were carried out, whilst others came to nothing; until, in the year 1844, a little band of men, now known as the *famous Rochdale Pioneers*, devised the following scheme:—Twenty-eight working men, who were then living at Rochdale, agreed to put by their savings until they had each collected £1. They then opened a small store in Rochdale, on the principle that all who bought at their shop must become shareholders, like themselves, in the business, and the shareholders were to receive a fixed amount of interest on their shares or capital. Just imagine what these small beginnings led to: forty years afterwards, at the end of the year 1884, there were 897,950 members of co-operative societies in England, their share capital amounted to £8,646,188, and their loan capital was £1,830,836. The sales of these societies during the year 1884 came to £30,424,101, the *net* profits realised on these sales being £2,723,744, and the sum devoted to education by these societies that year was £19,154! These grand results have been brought about almost entirely by the working men of England themselves, simply through perseverance, and a determination to *co-operate* (or *work together*, as the word means) for each other's benefit. The vast sums of money named are *their own*, honestly earned, spent to advantage, and laid by for a rainy day.

But although the working men co-operators neither ask nor accept the charity of the rich, they welcome into their ranks those members of the wealthier classes who, having had the means of obtaining a good education themselves, are anxious to make use of their advantages for the good of others. Many such men—aye, and women also, have done and are doing noble work as co-operators; they recognise the great truth that the money, talents, and means of gaining knowledge with which some of us have been blessed, are

* "Elizabeth Gilbert, and Her Work for the Blind." By Frances Martin. Macmillan and Co.

gifts for which we shall have to give account, and should be employed in God's service for the good of mankind.

And now let me explain shortly to you the plan upon which these co-operative societies work. There are three kinds of co-operative societies, viz., the Distributive, the Wholesale, and the Productive Societies.

1. *The Distributive Societies, or Retail Stores.*—To distribute is to divide, and retail means to sell in small quantities. The goods kept at these stores are distributed amongst the customers in small quantities.

2. *The Wholesale Societies.*—There are two wholesale societies: the English and the Scottish. They are called *wholesale*, because they supply retail stores with whole sacks, chests, boxes, and other large quantities of goods, to be re-sold by them in small quantities. A number of retail stores joined together in starting the wholesale societies, and their managing committees are elected by the stores who deal with them.

3. *The Manufacturing or Productive Societies.*—The manufacturing societies employ persons to make those things which are sold by the other two kinds of societies.

They are also called *Productive Societies*, to include things which are grown, or do not require to be made, such as corn, milk, eggs, potatoes, fruit, and many other things.

How to open a Store.—A store could not be opened unless there was ready money in hand with which to buy the first stock of goods. The sum of money with which the business of a store is worked is called the *Capital*, and the capital belonging to each co-operative society goes by the name of *share capital*, because every member gives his share towards it. In many stores the members' shares are £1 apiece, and at the first start the members have to pay in a sufficient amount of money to conduct the business before the store can be opened; but, after this has been done, other people are allowed to become shareholders by paying down a shilling (or some other small sum) to begin with, and then having so much money kept back each quarter from their dividend until the whole of their share has been paid up. The goods of a store are bought at what are called wholesale prices, which means that things can be had for less money when bought in large, than in small quantities. The retail store makes its profit by selling out in small quantities, and at the usual market prices; and, by degrees, the stores are able to save and return to the members the money which they paid in, in the first place, as share capital.

Interest on Share Capital.—Those persons who contribute the capital to a store run the risk of losing their money if the store does not answer. This risk is not very great, but to pay for this, and also to persuade people to put money in, the members of a store or society set apart a certain sum every quarter, out of the profits made, to be divided amongst themselves as shareholders. This is called *Interest;* most societies allow the same rate of interest to their shareholders, viz., 5 per cent. If a man or woman has 20 shares in a store, therefore, his or her interest will amount to £1 a year.

Dividend, commonly called "the divi."—Every quarter the accounts of a co-operative store are carefully made up, and the profits reckoned. Then, when certain sums have been set aside for interest on share capital, house-rent, and various other expenses which must be thought of and provided for, the rest of the profits are divided amongst the customers, who, you must remember, are also shareholders in the store. The way in which the committee of a store know how much "divi." each person is entitled to receive is as follows:—metal checks are given to each customer whenever they buy anything at the store, upon which are stamped the sums of money they have just been spending. These checks they keep at home until the end of a quarter, when they carry them to the store, and the amounts stamped upon them are entered in a book. In this way is known how much money each customer has spent at the store during the quarter.

Let us suppose the "divi." to be 1s. 6d. in the £. If a woman has spent £3 10s. during the quarter, her "divi." will come to 5s. 3d. Many prudent persons allow both their "divi." and the interest upon their shares to remain at the store until they have saved quite a nice little lump of money; whilst others, in cases of sickness or want, are very thankful to draw their "divi.," and thus to be prevented the necessity of getting into debt.

The Advantage of Co-operative Stores.—1. Nobody gets into debt. Ready money has to be paid at the stores for everything that is bought there. People who have run up debts at small shops have been known to break themselves of this ruinous habit by joining a store and paying off their old debts gradually with the help of their quarterly "divi."

2. Everybody can get articles of the *best quality* at the store, for all members, being shareholders, are interested in seeing that the goods sold there are not "cheap and nasty," and every member has a right to be heard who has any complaint to make.

3. Co-operators learn to *help themselves.* As Mr. Holyoake (a veteran co-operator) says in one of his books:—"The store shows that people can save without laying anything by, and accumulate money without paying anything out of their pockets, and save without living in any way poorer or meaner than they did aforetime, and without depriving themselves of a single article they have the means of purchasing."

What can Women do for Co-operation?—They can first of all persuade their husbands to join the co-operative store in their town, or else to let them do so, thereby establishing a practice of paying ready money for everything, which will be invaluable to themselves, and a good example for their children. Then, there is a "Women's Co-operative Guild," for spreading a knowledge of the advantages of co-operation, and for drawing co-operators more closely together in a friendly way. This women's guild is a very popular institution in many towns. Its members meet together for business not less than once a month, besides having sewing and singing classes, social teas, children's classes, and all sorts of pleasant work that brings people together in a kind and helpful manner. *The Co-operative News* is their weekly newspaper.

In conclusion, a passing reference only can be made to the steam-ships, lifeboats, federal corn mills, co-operative farms, and large manufactories, which now belong to the working-men co-operators; they also possess many educational advantages, including a scholarship at Oriel College, Oxford. These few facts, however, will serve to show that co-operation has already done a great work in our country amongst the working classes: we trust that it has a still greater future before it.

LIGHT.

BY FRANCIS W. BOURDILLOU.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done

TWO FADED FLOWERS.

BY MRS. A. F. MUIR,

Author of "The Tragedy of a Quiet Life," etc.

Mr. Thomas Frere stood by the window, holding a tiny withered flower up to the light. He was a tall, thin, black-bearded, white-faced man, with spectacles, and extremely long, slender fingers that for the last forty years had done little else than gather and arrange botanical specimens. His little black silk skull cap was pushed to the back of his head, and his face raised that nothing but the faded flower might intervene between his spectacles and the sky. He was devoted to the details of nature, but a broad landscape had no more interest for him than a dust heap, as a whole, had for Mr. Boffin, though the meadows of Kent were lovely that warm May morning.

Mrs. Prue was pretty well used to learned lodgers by this time; few save antiquarians or botanists came thither. Possibly in the winter she might have recognised many of her ex-lodgers in the British Museum reading-room, still eccentric and studious, but verging towards the productive phase. She watched him while she laid the breakfast: botanising lodgers were always up early. His brows were knitted, and his lips mumbled dissatisfaction as he turned from the window. She felt her credit at stake; she was anxious Nature should be as obliging out of doors as she was herself within.

"Miss Martin, next door, knows a deal about the wild flowers in these parts, sir. 'Tis a sight to see her pressed ferns."

"Eh? Ah, I thank you Mrs. Prue. Then I will venture to call on the lady."

Mrs. Prue bustled off to fetch the coffee. It was the first time she had said a good word of Miss Martin the fifteen years they had been neighbours; but she would stick at nothing where a lodger's comfort was concerned.

Poor Miss Martin had rather a hard time of it. She kept a school, but she did not know how to assert herself, and she was not domestic, so the other ladies of Gearing were inclined to override her. Every other woman in Gearing might have gained a gold medal for domestic proficiency. Their cakes and puddings met with none of the mishaps they are liable to in other houses, their preserves kept for years, and colours that anywhere else would have 'run' stood fast in the tubs over which the maids of Gearing presided, because the mistresses always trained their maids well.

Patience Martin was very shy, but she made an effort to be chatty. She was poor, but she kept her struggles to herself. She was believed to have no relatives, but she had one brother whose existence she kept a secret, because sometimes she thought it would have been better he had never been born. Lately the postmistress had been puzzled about some letters in a man's writing, that came frequently to Miss Martin; if the lady had been younger she would have suspected a lover; in any case she wished this correspondent would use post-cards.

While Mr. Thomas Frere was slowly making his way through eggs and coffee, Patience was reading one of these letters, at her wit's end, though, to be sure, she had not very far to go to get there. She was interrupted by Mr. Frere's call; he was aware the hour was too early for etiquette, but he would have got up in the night to look at pressed flowers.

"Ah! this is it. This is it," he said, bending reverently over the page, when they had fortunately found two of the rare specimens he desired. He had a flower she lacked, so they exchanged. But all the world might have been by to witness that giving and receiving of the faded flower. Patience was extremely demure, and it never occurred to her that he and she, two faded flowers, were acting in all gravity and decorum a scene that has been acted from time immemorial when two young lovers plight their troth.

And then he went away, and left her to her letter and perplexity.

At five o'clock the omnibus which came daily from Standwick station stopped at "The Bear." Most of the passengers were local persons, but one, a gentleman, with a portmanteau, umbrella, and two dogs, and an air of fashion that made the landlord of "The Bear" suddenly anxious about the state of the larder, asked to be directed to Miss Martin's, to the astonishment of every one who heard.

Patience Martin's upper windows overlooked the market-place and "The Bear"; she had seen the incident, and went down to open the door herself. The dreaded moment had come, to which she had looked forward for years, but he, at any rate, was at his ease.

"What an outlandish place to live in! I thought I should never get here."

She wished he never had. "'Pon my word, Pat, I should not have know you; how you have altered!"

"It is fifteen years, you know. Ten since you left home, and then—the other five."

"Why, yes, you must be over forty, of course."

"Well, get me something to eat, and say you are glad to see a fellow, after all I have gone through."

"Hush! Oh, don't speak of it."

"Stuff, everybody knows. Where is the good of being ashamed? You've got a nice little house here."

"I have a school. I shall be pleased for you to stay till Monday."

"Monday? Ha, ha! I'll stay a good many Mondays. I'll teach, if you like. Now, Pat, get me some dinner, and I'll smoke till it's ready."

She went to the kitchen to get him something. Long ago she used to share her cakes and sweets and toys with him; if she had been a stern woman she might have turned him out, but she cooked him the nicest little dinner she could.

At the same time Mr. Frere was dining alone, and thinking of the intelligent woman who had listened to him with such sedate respect in the morning. He disliked giddy, giggling girls, and he had an even greater aversion to lady graduates. Miss Martin's deference, timidity, and utter want of ambition to be on an equality with the male student, charmed him. He was wholly scientific, and botany was queen of his heart. But this morning he had noticed a neat darn in the curtains, a Post-office Savings book, and various little signs of small means and thrift, and he was interested.

Next day he made an excuse to call again, and by-and-by suggested a foray for wild flowers together. Will had the grace to keep out of sight when people called. It was convenient to live on his sister's bounty until his plans were made for the future, so he thought it worth while to humour her.

One warm May afternoon Patience and Mr. Frere stooped under an old oak, uprooting some moss; they pulled its delicate sprays apart, and admired it in unison, and that led on to other matters—to her ideas of education, and the very various characters of her pupils.

All at once he turned and said, in a formal manner, "And you are quite alone, now? Your interests are not engaged in any one?"

The question made her flush quickly, for she thought of Will. He solemnly disencumbered himself of trowel, moss, and black leather case, and then, to her surprise, took one of her hands. She had never had a lover, and was not young and vain enough to imagine he had any tender meaning. He spoke even more seriously than usual:—

"I derive a large amount of pleasure from your intelligent conversation. I have discovered similarity of tastes; a unity of opinion upon many points. I admit our friendship is a recent growth, and we should avoid the error, to which youth is liable, of forming rash conclusions. At the same time, a short period of minute study may produce a more accurate estimate than lengthened desultory contemplation, wanting in interest. I—I believe I have formed a just estimate of your character; that I know you better than you are aware, and I ask to be allowed to say that your cultured mind, combined with a modest disposition, has affected me very considerably. If you can bring yourself to look upon me as your future husband, no effort shall be spared on my part that will further your happiness."

Patience was taken by surprise. She had a "Complete Letter Writer" at home, giving two forms of answer to an offer of marriage, the choice to depend on the state of the writer's affections. But not a word could she utter now. She was used to being criticised in her small world, used to living a lonely life before unsympathetic eyes, but it was a new thing to be loved. When she tried to draw her hand away she found it was firmly held between his long, thin fingers.

"I have, perhaps, scarcely conveyed by meaning to you in so tender a manner as I could wish." Patience had begun

to cry. "Far be it from me to bring you grief. My personal attractions, I feel, are small, but I can offer you a good home. I am not wealthy, but my means are ample, and we could gratify our taste in foreign travel. But you have a womanly heart; I love you."

He glanced round. There was no one in sight. The next moment she was encircled in the long arms, and the rims of the spectacles grazed her face. He had never cared for any one before, and the sobs of the gentle, timid woman in his arms awakened a new part of his nature. He softly patted her back hair, and felt glad in the consciousness of masculine strength and protective rights.

"I will be very kind to you," he whispered. "Eh?" he bent his head to listen, she was saying something incoherently between her sobs. "Eh? yours has been a lonely life, my dear? And so has mine. I know no reason why we two, past our youth, should not be very happy together. God helping me, I will stand between you and trouble to the end of your days. Call me Thomas, and let me call you Patience, my love."

But still she was trying to speak, for she was thinking of the brother she had left at home over a cigar and a novel.

The buds of the old oak tree overhead gave promise of fresh young leaves; these ancient kings of the wood are slow to recognise spring's call to renew their youth, and the undergrowth at their feet is a vivid green while they are still winterly. Patience Martin felt there was to be no renewal of youth for her.

With her poor little face drawn and pinched she looked straight up to his grave, kind eyes, saying, as if it had been a hard lesson learnt word for word:—

"I am not quite alone in the world. I have one brother, who came home to me a short time ago. He has been in prison five years for embezzling money, with forgery. I ought to have told you that sooner, but it was hard to tell."

Ah, it was hard! And then she withdrew her hand.

She had given him a shock. He was a member of a highly respectable family, and very particular about even the smallest moralities.

A step disturbed them. A dog came sniffing round the undergrowth, followed by Will Martin. The two men looked at each other for a moment, and then Patience saw shame on her brother's face for the first time since his return. But, perhaps, Mr. Frere was the most embarrassed of all. A minute before he had thought this gentle little woman would soon be his promised wife. Do not let us be too hard on him if he wished to withdraw his words. They stood a full minute in silence, the two who would have been lovers, and the third who was ignorant of what had just occurred, and quite unconscious that his own life was the wall that would keep them apart.

Then with stiff, old-fashioned politeness Mr. Frere bowed to Patience, murmuring something about having trespassed too long on her time. She never knew exactly what he had said, neither did he, but it left her with the distinct impression that he wished to withdraw the words he had just spoken. She found herself alone with her brother, who, in spite of the bravado he had put on, was soon cowed.

"How did you get to know Frere?" he asked, sulkily.

"Where have you seen him before, Will? I don't understand," she said.

"He is Mrs. Relton's brother, and was the witness who—well, who crushed my case! Don't you remember?"

She remembered it all now, but she had not associated this friend of hers with the man whose evidence against her brother she had read with such bitter shame five years ago.

They did not find it easy to talk much that evening. Will seemed less anxious to stay in the neighbourhood, since he had met Mr. Frere.

Mrs. Prue was concerned about her lodger. He went to bed so late that night, and she heard him pacing his room for hours. Next morning he asked for his bill, and, paying a week's rent in place of the week's notice, left. Mrs. Prue was terribly put out, for "it gave the house such a bad name, lodgers going off suddent."

It is Sunday afternoon, two months later. Patience is sitting alone among the flowers in her garden, and everything is as it was before this short love episode came into her life. She is a hopeful, brave little woman, though she looks so slight and weak, and she will live her life courageously.

Mr. Frere has been thinking this of her while he rambled about the Bernese Alps, botanising. He has been thinking too, during his long, solitary mountain walks, of her simple useful life, and of how little he has done himself to make the world better. And then he thinks of Will Martin's wasted years, and whether it would be possible to start him afresh in an honest career. So it is not surprising that he finds himself in Gearing once more. Happily true love does not depend on its garb, for his manner is severely formal as he crosses the lawn to her. When the greetings are over there is a pause. Then he says, very gently:—

"My dear, I cannot find it in my heart to let this blot in your brother's life come between us."

Patience does not answer. But his two months in Switzerland have made an eloquent wooer of Thomas Frere.

Therefore, Miss Martin's school has passed into other hands now, and the story is discussed at tea parties, that is, as much as is known of it. Thomas takes care, however, that if people identify the William Martin of the disgraceful forgery case, as the brother of his gentle Patience, it shall not reach her ears.

IN-DOOR PLANTS.

BY JANE S. CLARKE.

THERE are not many days in February when we can expect to do much work in the garden, although some will doubtless be pleased to follow medical advice, and take very excellent, though somewhat unusual, exercise in the open air by sawing up the fallen branches of the trees. But then that is not gardening, which will be restricted generally to the care of plants in-doors. Happily, in these days very few homes need be without flowers, for in the cities the surplus plants from the parks and public gardens are given away to the poor, and in the country some of the common wild flowers make the most charming plants when grown in pots.

It is a pity, however, that when the plants from the parks are thus given no rules are supplied for their proper cultivation, for every year hundreds of them die, simply because their owners do not know how to treat them. Children especially are perfectly indifferent as to having any more

drainage in a pot than a piece of broken crockery, and they have the firmest faith in a liberal supply of cold water, whatever the weather may be. Unfortunately, on these two

points "children of a larger growth" also make mistakes, and many a promising plant has been lost thereby. Knowing this, by sorrowful experience, it was with great interest that I read some four years ago of the new chemical discovery by which plants could be grown without using any earth, and without requiring more than a daily sprinkling of water.

This "had long been the dream of chemists," but it was at last discovered by M. Alfred Dumesnil, a man of genius, author of several well-known books, and for some years lecturer on Italian art at the College of France. He had always an intense love for flowers and plants, and when sorrow and trial pressed heavily upon him he turned thankfully from the turmoil of Paris to the seclusion of the ancient home of his family, the Chateau Vascœnil, near Rouen, in France. Here he devoted himself almost entirely to horticulture, and after years of patient work and scientific research, he was at last enabled to fertilise moss so completely that plants obtain sufficient nourishment from it alone, and require no earth at all.

The little sketch given above shows a primula growing in this moss in a box of rather open fretwork, but it grows so rapidly, and so many flower-stalks have appeared, that I am quite sorry the sketch cannot be altered to show how the plant has improved in the course of ten days. It is a curious thing that when plants are taken out of the earth, and the soil carefully washed away from their roots, and then properly planted in this moss, the leaves do not droop at all, but the growth becomes more vigorous and the flowers more abundant. The moss itself is not allowed to come into direct contact with the roots, which are placed on a layer of common moss, and covered by another of the same (both being slightly damped), and then over that is placed the fertilising moss, which is equally valuable for both vegetables and flowers.

At first this moss could only be had by writing to France for it, but there is now no difficulty in buying it in England; and if it is as useful as some gardeners say it is, "Fertilising Moss" is sure to be greatly appreciated by those who like to make their rooms bright and attractive by the constant presence of beautiful flowers.

CHEAP DINNERS.

ARTICHOKE SOUP; ROAST BULLOCK'S HEART; APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Artichokes are now in season, and they make delicious soup. Choose good roots, and wash them thoroughly in two waters, with a brush; they will then only require scraping, not paring.

ARTICHOKE SOUP.

Materials.—8 artichokes; 2 onions; 6 cold potatoes; milk, ½ pint; stock, 1 quart; salt and pepper.

How to make it.—Wash and scrape the artichokes, cut them up with the onions, boil them in the stock with a little salt for two hours. Mash the cold potatoes on a board, with the bottom of a small jam-pot, until there are no lumps, and add them to the soup. Pulp it through a colander half an hour before dinner; add the milk, pepper, and salt, while the soup is cool; bring it to the boil, and serve. (N.B.—Cold potatoes, well crushed, make an excellent thickening for all vegetable soups.) Time, two hours.

ROAST BULLOCK'S HEART.

Materials.—A bullock's heart; bread crumbs, 3 tablespoonfuls; fat, 2 oz.; chopped parsley, 1 tablespoonful; pepper and salt.

How to prepare it.—Chop the parsley and fat; mix these with the bread-crumbs, pepper, salt, and milk, to make a stuffing. Wash the heart in warm water three hours beforehand, remove the lobes, and place the heart in cold water to soak. This water must be drained away, and the heart well rinsed; cut it open, place the stuffing in the middle, sew it up, and roast for an hour, basting often, and flouring it every fifteen minutes. Serve it hot, on a large piece of toast. Time, four hours.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.

Materials.—6 apples; sugar, ¼ lb.; flour, ½ lb.; fat, 3 oz.; cloves, 24; baking powder and salt, ½ teaspoonful each.

How to make them.—Peel, halve, and core each apple, put into each a teaspoonful of sugar and 4 cloves, and put the halves together again. Make pastry of the flour, fat, baking powder, and salt (as before directed); roll it out till a quarter of an inch thick, cut it in rounds, and make each apple into a dumpling. Flour a tin-plate thickly, and bake for a quarter of an hour quickly, till the pastry is done, and then let them cook slowly in a cooler part of the oven. Time, 1½ hours.

(These may be boiled, if more convenient. They should be put into boiling water, and boiled sharply for half an hour. For boiling, the pastry should be rather thicker, and the fat should be shred, not rubbed into the flour.)

EXPENSES.

Artichoke Soup.—Vegetables, 3d.; ½ pint of milk, 1d. Total, 4d.

Roast Bullock's Heart.—Heart, 9d.; fat, 2d.; bread, etc., 1d. Total, 1s.

Apple Dumplings.—Apples, 1d.; sugar, etc., 1½d.; flour, and fat, 2d. Total, 4½d.

Totals.—Artichoke soup, 4d.; roast bullock's heart, 1s.; apple dumplings, 4½d.; bread and potatoes, 3½d. Total, 2s.

To dine six persons, average 4d. per head.

I. L. RICHMOND.

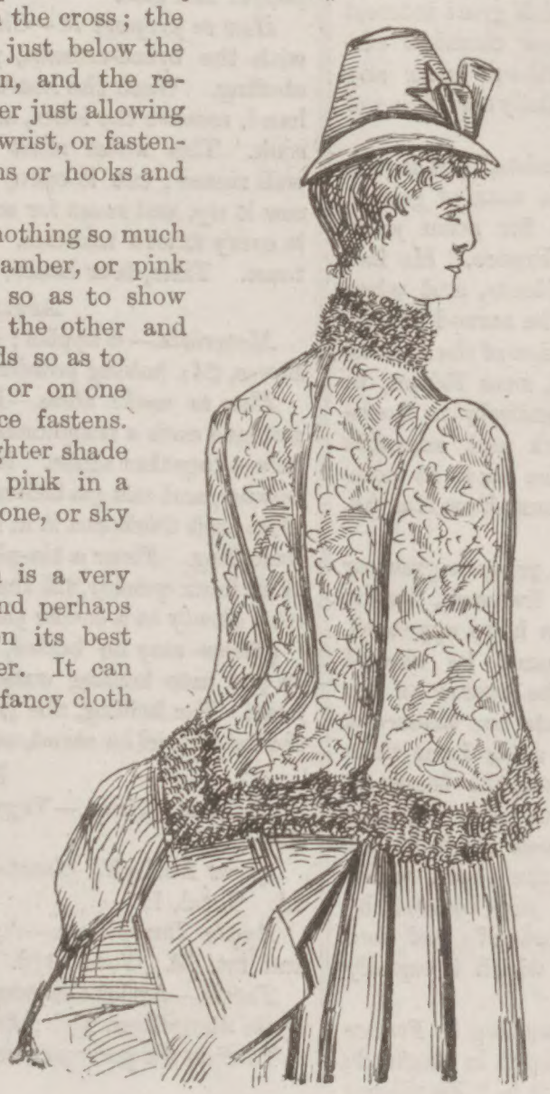
DRESS AND DRESSMAKING.

FEBRUARY, though often a very dull, dark, and dreary month, has lengthening days, and always seems like the last of regular winter, though many more weeks must elapse before we doff the warm winter clothing that is even more necessary in an English spring than in the late autumn. Still, the fogs lift a little, and now and then bright sunshine shows all the imperfections of our old garments, all the threadbare places, and all the grimy spots produced by the long continuance of fires and smoke. The lucky people with a little money in hand have perhaps profited by the January sales at the large shops to invest in a length of cashmere, or the soft thick material now sold as an improvement on nun's veiling, and may also have picked up some short lengths of fancy silk or satin, and are preparing best dresses for the dawn of spring. Nothing looks more attractive than a fresh, pretty frock in early; spring and especially where old ones have been made to do yeoman's service during the worst of the winter it is very good economy to have something of the kind. There are two pretty new styles of sleeve suitable for these dresses, and they are admirably adapted for utilising such remnants of fancy silks as we have spoken of above. One is cut like the ordinary coat sleeve, or at least the lining is, but in the upper part of the front of the sleeve a V-shaped piece of silk is let in, reaching from the armhole about three parts of the way down to the elbow. This, if of plain silk should be slightly full, but if of a fancy one ought to be plain. A straight band or cuff of the same should finish off the sleeve at the wrist.

The other new sleeve has two puffs divided by bands of velvet or of some fancy fabric on the cross; the puffs come from the armhole to just below the elbow, a most economical fashion, and the remainder of the sleeve is tight, either just allowing the hand to come through at the wrist, or fastening there with a couple of buttons or hooks and loops.

In the way of tuckers there is nothing so much worn as a cream or pale blue, amber, or pink picot edged ribbon folded over so as to show both edges, one a little below the other and tacked into the dress, leaving ends so as to make a small tied bow in front or on one side, according to where the bodice fastens. This is frequently worn of a lighter shade than the dress, such as salmon pink in a cardinal dress, beige in a brown one, or sky in a navy blue.

The mantle in our illustration is a very nice one for replacing a thick and perhaps rusty old servant that has seen its best days, though it is as warm as ever. It can be made either in black or grey fancy cloth or plush, and trimmed with fur, feather trimming, or a double *quille* of lace, or with bands of astrachan. Sometimes an old fur cape will cut up for this purpose, or one of the big old muffs our great grandmothers used to carry, but astrachan cloth can be bought, and sometimes one is so fortunate as to have or be able to procure some feather trimming which, though no longer put on mantles by the very first houses, is extremely pretty and really economical, because when wet or dirty it only has to be dried and then rubbed out between the hands. Plush does not show the effect of a shower if allowed to dry and afterwards shaken out, or brushed with a soft velvet brush.



Stockingette jackets are as much worn as ever for out of doors, and light grey or drab jackets are much liked over dark dresses. They look very trim, and many of them are loose fronted. Fur capes are invaluable at almost all times of the year, and are to be bought at moderate prices towards the end of winter, because shopkeepers like to get rid of them before the reign of King Moth begins.

February is almost invariably noted for rain or snow, or for the melting of the snows of December and January. Consequently the roads and streets are wet, and all who value their health will welcome the advent of rubber boots from America, which, though inexpensive, are as yet all too little known. They have rough soles and are made with elastic sides, some of them fur trimmed and some not. You can pull them on over a thick or thin boot, or slipper, and walk dry shod over the sloppiest pavements. They are particularly valuable for going out at night at all times of the year, unless it be the height of summer, and each boot has a little projection behind by means of which it can be pulled off by the other foot without soiling the hands. Of course the rubber is the kind of material goloshes or caoutchous are made of, but it must be the best of its kind, or it could not be shaped into boots.

Muffs are as much used as they have been, not only because they keep the hands warm, but also because they are so readily held up as an extra protection to the chest and mouth on coming out of a warm room into the cold air, or when driving against the wind. They are still made to match the dress, bonnet, or mantle, but are not so small as they were a year or two ago, and consequently much more useful.

Pinking is very much in vogue, and very thin, fine cloths are the materials in which it looks best. It is an extremely satisfactory mode of trimming, because it adds so little to the expense and nothing to the weight of a dress. Moreover, when the first scollops have got a little frayed and shabby they can be pinked over again with the least possible waste of stuff. A very favourite way of employing it is to have the edge of the drapery or skirt pinked, and to have a strip of a darker or lighter shade pinked, and made to show just below the other by being laid underneath and stitched straight along with the sewing machine in silk that exactly matches in colour. At one of the most aristocratic weddings of this winter the bridesmaids were dressed in grey cloth costumes which had no other ornament than the two rows of pinking in two shades. The hats were grey felt, and the wearers were examples of how to adapt sensible and seasonable dresses to very smart occasions.